

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.]

VOLUME 12.

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 24, 1860.

NUMBER 42.

STAR OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY BY

W. H. JACOBY,

Office on Main St., 3d Square below Market.

TERMS:—Two Dollars per annum if paid within six months from the time of subscribing; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for a less period than six months; no discontinuances permitted until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

The terms of advertising will be as follows: One square, twelve lines, three times, \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 One square, three months, 3 00 One year, 8 00

PAYING AWAY.

BY DAISY.

All things, thou sayest,
Are born to decay,
The brightest and gayest
Are "fading away."
Life has its pleasures,
Both pensive and gay,
Yet ere you enjoy them,
They're "fading away."
The trees, birds, and flowers
All whisper decay,
The wind as it passes
Is "fading away."
Love is a passion
Born to betray,
Like light that is dying,
It "fades away."
Then let me implore thee,
While yet it is day,
To seek for that treasure,
Which "fades not away."
'Tis not of earth's nature,
Which lasteth a moment,
Then "fades away."
'Tis heaven's own blessing
Lasting for aye;
Rich love expressing,
Never "fading away."
'Tis the peace that surpasseth
Earth's brightest display,
'Tis a comfort in sorrow,
That "fades not away."
So, when thy frail image
Of dust shall decay,
And all that thou'st lived for
Is "fading away."
Thy spirit with gladness
May hold supreme sway,
Where sorrow and sadness
Have "faded away."

ROMANTIC STORY.

THE SISTER OF THE FRENCH EMPRESS.

From the Court Journal.

The death of the Duchess d'Albe has given a terrible shock to the family of the Empress; much united, and, in spite of the high position to which the fairest circle of the house of Montijo has arrived, until now but seldom separated. The nature of the illness with which the Duchess was afflicted rendered from the first all hope of recovery doubtful, and for the last month she was wavering between life and death. The crisis, which took place during the stay of the Empress at Eaux Bonnes, was decisive. From that crisis she never rallied, and remained prostrate and almost insensible, scarcely to be called in life, thereafter. The Emperor, who had been apprised by telegraph while at Marseilles, of the inevitable approach of the fatal catastrophe, had wisely urged the departure of the Empress from France, lest she should be called to attend her sister's dying moments. The sea, with all its inconvenience and trying, was far less to be dreaded than the moral effect of the sad event to which the Empress would have been compulsion a witness had she returned to Biarritz according to her intention. This, the most terrible trial in human life, has been avoided, at all events; and time, the sole, sure saviour of human grief, will have done much towards restoring the calm of her Majesty's mind before her return.

Few people have left more regret to their circle of friends among whom life has been spent than the Duchess d'Albe. The story of the rivalry in love with one for whom she was willing, when the truth became known, to sacrifice her own happiness, but who refused with equal generosity to accept the sacrifice, is well known at Madrid. The Duc d'Albe was at the time the most elegant and brilliant of all the cavaliers of the Court of Spain, and sought for his high name and goodly estates as much as for his own personal qualities by every facility in Madrid. It was soon beheld, however, where his affections had been fixed, as he was seldom a day without paying a visit to the mansion of Madame Montijo, and was soon established in gossip talk as the suitor of one or other of the young ladies belonging to the family.

For a long time not even gossip could point out the favored one, so equally were the Duke's attentions in public divided amongst them all. It was one of the most pleasant sights in Madrid to behold the highly decorated box at the opera belonging to Madame Montijo occupied by the bevy of beauties, of divers style, complexion and age, which the family at that time could boast, sitting in front; and behind them, standing in a row, the various pretenders to their preference. Madrid could tell at a glance for whom was intended the murderous attempt at a conquest which had evidently occasioned the arming in embroidered cravat and white kid gloves, with all manner of glittering orders at the buttonhole, beneath which after the manner of men in general, the pretensions were due to disguise their pretensions. The Duc d'Albe was the only

scrutable. Meanwhile one heart was sinking with hope deferred, and the uncertainty which in love is mortal; and each hour increasing this indecision, became of the most sickening agony to the fair girl, whose vigilance could detect no preference either for herself or for any one in particular amongst her companions in the Duke's assiduities, so equally were they distributed amongst all. She was of too bold and decisive a character to submit for any length of time to this unprofitable torturing of the soul.

A grand bal masque was given by the Queen. She resolved that this occasion—which is always considered one wherein the greatest freedom of speech is permitted—should put an end to the uncertainty which was eating her very heart away. Alone of the family she excused herself from attendance at the ball. Aided in her romantic scheme by an aunt to whom she was much attached, she feigned indisposition, and retired to bed before her companions had departed for the palace; no suspicion was therefore aroused.

When the family carriage had driven from the door, she rose, and disguising herself in a long black domino, instead of the brilliant mythological costume which had been prepared for her, she proceeded to the palace under the escort of her aunt in the midst of the splendid scenes which burst upon her vision as she entered the great ballroom but one thought occupied her mind—she beheld but one object among the highly decorated crowd which swayed to and fro in the dance. It was the Duc d'Albe, whose costume she knew at once, it having been chosen for him at a general conclave in the Montijo salon some little while before. She soon managed to thread her way towards where he stood, talking eagerly, as was his wont, to one of the ladies of the Montijo family. But she feared not recognition; and pulling him by the sleeve, asked him, in the shrill bal masque tone adopted on like occasions, whether he would fear to dance with one who had come to the ball with no other purpose than that of treading one single measure with the hero of the night, the gallant "Don John of Austria"—which was the character the Duke had assumed, and in which he was the observed of all observers.

Both his real and assumed character urged him to compliance with a lady's wish, and immediately turning from the group of friends with whom he was conversing he gallantly offered his hand to the domino, and led her, with a compliment, to the quadrille just then forming beneath the middle chandelier of the great gallery. Can you not fancy how the heart of that young girl must have beat as, determined to attain the object for which she had run this risk, she whispered in her partner's ear words of deep meaning, upon which her whole future life was hung? Can you not fancy how that stricken heart must have faltered when the words of truth, bright with his unstained honor, fell from the lips of the duke? For the first time, perhaps, the name of the real object of his love was breathed by him. It was the eldest daughter of the Countess de Montijo to whom he was devoted, and to her was he resolved to disclose the secret on this very night. No hope could therefore remain to the unhappy victim who had sought the secret which was to be her own condemnation. She withdrew from the ball. What had she to seek further amid that gay throng? She hurried home and flung herself in despair upon the couch she had left but to seek the despair with which the years of her future life were to be embittered.

At dawn the ladies returned from the ball. All were glad and joyous—but one above the rest; and she could not resist the temptation to seek her best friend in order to make her participate in the joy which the Duke's proposition had inspired. She entered softly, for she thought her friend was sleeping. She approached the bed, and shrieked loud with dismay at beholding the invalid, to whom she had bidden adieu a few hours before, and who had retired for slumber in nightcap and bedgown, lying now outside the coverlet, wrapped in a black domino, with the mask she had worn torn violently from her face and clutched, with convulsive pressure, in her hand. She called aloud, but no answer was returned. In another moment she perceived, even by the light of the moon, which streamed in at the chamber window, that the form was insensible which lay before her, and that the features were working as if in the throes of the death agony.

The house was aroused, and the family came in haste to the bedside to behold with horror the confirmation of the suspicion which had struck them from their very first. Assistance had only just come in time—the evidence which lay before them, in the shape of the empty vial and its warning label, indicated the nature of the antidote to be administered. Every help was given, and after awhile all effect of this moment's aberration had passed away, even to the moral regret of beholding the Duke the husband of another. The generous impulse of the bride elect contributed most of all, they say to this desired consummation; for not till she was assured that the despair of unrequited love was entirely overcome would she consent to leave her friend and to accept the highest name and fortune in all Spain. Such is the story told in the chronicles of Madrid, and many people in Paris, who are intimate with all the parties concerned, have confirmed it oft and oft. The relaxed nerves of the countenance, the

—herself a happy wife and mother now—are often quoted to bear witness of its truth; and we give it in testimony of the generous nature of the Duchess, as well as of the strength of mind which enabled her friend to forego the selfish indulgence in hopeless sorrow, which would have blighted both existences forever.

Coming back Soon.

"You are coming back soon?" says every one to the eager boy going out from the quiet of his native village to make his way in the great bustling world beyond.

"Oh yes—as soon as I have made my fortune," is the laughing reply, and the good byes are exchanged, and the yelling stage coach rolls off, bearing more hope and happiness upon its back seat than with the same occupant it will ever bring back again.

"Come back soon!" The boy little knows he never can come back! Something may come that will be taller, and more graceful, and more attractive, and call his parents father and mother—something that will look half sadly and half contemptuously on the old familiar places where his youth was, but the boy—happy, eager, hopeful and innocent—has gone forever!

"Coming back soon!" Is this young lady ringtoned and flounced and gloved who plays the piano to a charm and looks askance at the kitchen towel and broom; the sun browned, good natured little Maggie wore her brown hair in curls, flying in the summer wind—but this young lady's looks are prematurely, scented, carefully "done up," according to the latest fashion. Maggie wore a blue gingham frock, which had always danced before his vision as the most charming thing in existence, but Miss Marguerite arrays her dainty limbs in the most expensive silks, and wears hoops of such vast circumference that he can only look on and admire at a respectable distance. Sometimes, as they sit side by side, he remembers the old times, and half wishes they could come back again; but his first glance at the composed face beside him annihilates the idea, and he heaves a kind of rueful sigh, and lets it pass away. The last young man and the woman of fashion meet often in their gay city life—but the boy and girl who walked hand in hand to school, have gone straying away together over the strawberry fields and daisied pastures long ago, and no one thinks of saying to them "You are coming back soon!"

"Coming back!" Who ever yet came back and found all things unchanged?—Drive up the long remembered roads, and you miss here a tree, here a patch of daisies and butter cups, and there an old gray farm house, which you fondly hoped would out last your day and generation. Enter the town which was once "a happy valley" to you, and what do you see? Only a puny little village, with the pleasant walks you used to love turned into ambitious sidewalks, and paved with roughest of stones, with old familiar houses and fences remodeled and newly painted, till you lose all the landmarks—with everything changed, and you, it may be, of all! Sit down, if you will, in your lonely room, call up the forms of those you loved, who are now scattered away, and try to people the dusty streets with more beloved faces.—Can you succeed? Is it not a poor, pale phantom, that you strive to press to your aching heart? Was it wise in you, after all this "coming back?" Oh, the past is beautiful to look at, but when afar off, we stretch out our hands to bring it nearer, it vanishes, and leaves nothing in our grasp but thin and unsubstantial air.

"Strange!" I sit in my lonely room to-day, and miss something familiar—something sweet—something dear—very dear! It will never linger here again. The sunlight falling through the casement will never shine on me any more. One page of life's romance has been read; shut the book and put it away. Much that might have blessed me; much I might have loved, and much that I can never hope to meet again, has consecrated this little room, has passed away like a dream of beauty, and will beam, brighter here no more; it is a not cannot be coming back soon. But there is a land—thank God—there is a land where all the lost light and loveliness of life shall cluster around us with tenfold the glory it has won for us here! There is a land where there shall be no more partings, and more tears, where the young and the old, the happy and the wretched, the bond and the free, shall know the loving kindness and tender mercy of a God whose divinest attribute is love.

PATRICK was a baggage-master on the Georgia Railroad, and attentive to his business. A few evenings since, while at his post, he was accosted by an excited passenger, who, in a rude and boisterous manner, demanded repeatedly to know the whereabouts of his trunk. Pat, after several times replying to the interrogatory, at length lost patience, and thus put an end to the stranger's troublesome questioning—"Och, mister, I wish in my soul you were the elephant instead of the jackass, for thin you'd have yer trunk always under yer eye."

THE WIDOW'S WISH.—A widow lady, sitting by a cheerful fire in a meditative mood, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out: "Poor fellow—how he did like a good fire! I hope he has gone where they

Army Buttons vs. Hazel Eyes.

I was in a delirium of love. The dark hazel eyes and still darker hair subdued me more than ever a frowning battlement awoke a forlorn hope of fifty brave-hearted soldiers. I had faced murderous Indians on their own hunting grounds; their fiendish yells had aroused me from my midnight slumbers to action; I had marched unflinchingly forward, leading my men, while arrows and bullets fell like hail around me. All this I had met with comparative equanimity, and returned to the metropolis of our nation only to be subdued by a woman.

Yet Helen Sparrow was fair and beautiful as an Italian sky. Conscious of her fascination, she made no effort to entrap me; but I sailed as quietly into her net as the wild swan into the snare of the huntsman. There the simile ends, for I fluttered not the least bit, but yielded heart and soul to her bewitching influence.

"Army buttons" are proverbially inconstant, and I was no exception to the general rule. On this occasion I was fairly caught in my own net, so carefully woven for Helen. My flirtation assumed a serious aspect—I loved her, yet I knew she mistreated me.

It was in the summer of '58 that the War Department granted me a furlough of two months, and then it was I met her. But three weeks had passed, and I would have thrown up my commission had Helen even hinted that such a sacrifice would gratify her.

At the expiration of this time, a party, consisting of Helen, Gerude St. Clair, Captain Cares—a former messmate—the old folks and myself, was formed for a trip to Niagara. The old folks took care of themselves, the captain had charge of Gerude, and Helen fell under my especial protection.

At Niagara, the International was filled to its utmost capacity. North and South had poured their fairest daughters into this cauldron of fashionable excitement, and handsome sons had followed the wanderings of their fair innamoratas. Among all, Helen—to me—was the fairest. With her eyes I viewed the mighty torrent as it pitched headlong into the seething abyss; when she was sad I was despondent; when she smiled I was all vivacity. We walked, rode, talked, laughed and wept together, until my love amounted to frenzy, and my frenzy to madness.

But this state of things could not last long, for I was even then a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum. I would have given worlds, had they been mine, to recall the first week or so of our acquaintance, when I had made a boast of my many flirtations and scoffed at the very existence of such a thing as pure and lasting love. I had ridiculed it, one evening, as a madman's sentiment, and denounced it the next as the moonshine of juvenile precocity. For all which I was soon to reap my reward—and a bitter one it proved to be.

It was a calm and beautiful night, such a one as is designed especially for lovers.—Helen and I had left the frivolous dance and strolled away, ostensibly to view the Falls by moonlight. We had reached the bank of the river, and seated ourselves on a convenient rock in sight of the mighty cataract. The final week of my furlough was drawing to a close. We had been conversing about constancy, and though my sentiments were materially changed since our first acquaintance, I was afraid to betray my inconsistency by expressing them. My views of love were somewhat modified, and as that subject naturally followed the other, the spirit prompted me to try the virtue of action. With a sudden impulse I fell upon my knees and poured into her ears my tale of love. Half doubtingly, but with becoming gravity, she listened; occasionally, at some unusual outburst of sentiment, a faint smile played over her face, but only for an instant. My vanity whispered that it was the excess of joy which filled her. At length I reached the momentous question—the imaginary turning point in my existence. She placed her soft white hand in mine, and while I kissed it enthusiastically, ejaculating in the interim, "Mine, mine forever!" with the other she raised her handkerchief to her eyes and turned aside her head, as I supposed, to conceal the joyful tears which would naturally dim her vision. I did not learn, until several days subsequently, that it was simply to smother a laugh at my ridiculous actions.

I returned to the hotel jubilant, and in the very extremity of happiness. Happy had it been for me had I, by accident, fallen over the precipice, for the dizzy height from which I was about to be thrown brought me in the end more sorrow and anguish.

A few days passed, and I received orders to report for duty at Fort Leavenworth as early as possible. I called on Helen in her private parlor. We were alone. The parting was very like all such, which have been described a thousand times on paper, and occurs at least once in the life of every one. I renewed my vows and protestations, but she was submissively tranquil. The last farewell was spoken; a final kiss imparted on her brow; I had my hand on the knob of the door, when she drew from her pocket a letter, and gave it to me. She bowed sweetly, and sorrowfully I returned to my own room.

"NIAGARA, Sept. 1858.

"My excellent friend: The time for parting has come; the force is ended. Let us raise the curtain and calmly review the

"You returned to your home with the crown of victory upon your brow. You were courted and flattered justly by all: I was proud of your marked attentions, and I felt the first dawnings of love for you in my heart. Evening after evening you were with me. The impulses of your nature prompted you to make many developments which taught me caution. You scoffed at true love as an ideal, and at constancy as existing only in story. You related what you were pleased to call your 'harmless flirtations,' and the very recital of them proved the fallacy of your unbelief.

"Does not your heart soften when the picture of that heart-broken Spanish girl rises before you? Does not the pale spectre of 'your dark eyed Isabel' haunt you in your dreams? How can your sleep be quiet when you recall the beseeching look and tender supplication of 'your prairie bird,' who even now mourns your absence and awaits in vain your return?

"Yet I will not add to your unhappiness, but let conscience do its work.

"I had no confidence in the sincerity of your professions until a week before leaving home. At no time have I believed in your constancy, yet I encouraged you, for the voice of those you had wronged seemed to call for vengeance. Whether they have been avenged I leave to your own feelings. Could they have witnessed the scene near the Falls perhaps they would have been then satisfied. [To my handkerchief I am indebted for suppressing a laugh which might have sounded strangely out of place.]

"I leave you to your own meditations.—We meet no more at this place, but should chance throw you in my way you will be cordially greeted by simply

"Your friend
HELEN S—"

In the first ebullition of passion I trampled the letter under foot. But pride failed me, and I suffered more than language can tell. But she never knew it. Her shafts sank deep, and in time completed my reformation.

I left Niagara a sadder and wiser man. I knew it was useless to plead with her, for her decision once made was unalterable.—In a few weeks I was again at my post, and drowned my sorrow in the excitement of frontier life.

My repentance was through. I could not call back the dead to life, but I mourned her in deep and bitter contrition. On one of my excursions into California, I visited the grave of the lovely Spanish girl, and caused a handsome tablet to be placed to her memory. It was the last testimonial that could be bestowed. Was she not looking down upon me then, and did she not intercede for me to Him who searcheth and knoweth all hearts?

For more than a year the "Prairie Bird" has been my wife, and a darling little cherub is screaming lustily while I write. The baby's name is Helen.—N. Y. Evening Post.

THE PROMPT CLERK.—I once knew a young man, said an eminent preacher, who was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him: "Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a correct account of it."

He was a young man of energy. This was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work. He made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolving to begin very early in the morning, instructed all the laborers to be there at half-past 4 o'clock. So they set to work and the thing was done; about ten or eleven o'clock in the day, his employer came in, and seeing him seated in the counting house, looked very blank, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said he, "you were requested to take out that cargo of cotton, this morning."

"It is all done," replied the young clerk, "and here is the account."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed, confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon became to be one that could not be spared—he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune.

THE head of a celebrated merchantile house in Vienna has recently erected a mausoleum which no one, even of his most intimate friends, is allowed to enter. The walls are covered with black velvet, upon which appear the family arms of the proprietor. Upon a platform slightly elevated stands an open coffin, candles of black wax at its four corners. At the foot of the coffin is a plate of silver, on which are the name and date of the birth of the future occupant of the narrow abode, and a space has been left for the date of his death, and this he evidently expected within the coming years—for he had completed the record as far as 186— Daily he is accompanied by his friends to the door of this tomb; there he leaves them, enters alone into the edifice, lies down in his coffin, and causes a concealed organ to play lugubrious music. Then he goes forth to the world again, dines heartily, and converses with a gaiety of manner astonishing to all.

The difference between a fool and a look-glass is, one speaks without reflecting.

Abraham Lincoln.

What is it that recommends a candidate for a high and responsible office to the people? We should suppose that honesty, ability, and long services in a position where these qualities had been long tested were the best, and perhaps the only strong recommendations. What has Abraham Lincoln done that renders him worthy of the high position of President of these United States? He has lived in the West all his life time, and has filled but one civil office in the government. He was once elected to Congress and served there one term. He was never returned back, and whilst there was unknown. He opposed the Mexican War publicly; and once said it was unconstitutional. Beyond this, no person ever heard that such a man occupied a seat in Congress. He was utterly obscure whilst there; and seems to have been unknown everywhere—at least, outside of his own State till 1858, when he was re-elected from his dusty obscurity in order to be a candidate for the United States Senate against Judge Douglas. In this ambitious project of his, he was encouraged by the Republican party with all its power and patronage, but was unsuccessful, and Abraham again sunk back to private life. His record in civil affairs was much like that of Fremont, as a statesman he was unknown and his opinions were unknown also. He was made a candidate by the republican party for much the same reasons that governed the opposition to the Democratic party in 1840, 1848, 1852 and 1856. In each of these cases they placed candidates in nomination who were without either experience or talent as statesmen. Gen. Harrison was neither a statesman or a man of talent, but a clever man and a brave one, but entirely unequal to the task of the Presidency. Gen. Taylor had never filled a civil office in his life. He was a brave man but had no record as a statesman. He was run without principles. Gen. Scott, although at the head of our armies, had not the least experience in State affairs, and he did not pretend to be a politician. Col. Fremont, although the Candidate of the Republican party, has not the least sympathy with their principles. He was not a States man, had no experience, and will not vote the Republican ticket. He was taken up as a candidate without his party, even knowing what his political principles were. He had acted with the democratic party, up to that time and it is now stated that he is in favor of Bell and Everett. Abraham Lincoln, like the candidate of the opposition to the democratic party heretofore, is unknown as a statesman: he has had no experience; he has had no associations with the great men of the country. He has not been tried and trusted even by his own people, so that neither his honesty, his ability, or opinions, are known. His party go it blind on him as they did on Fremont and Scott and Taylor. Had his principles been as well known as Seward's are, or had he been before the public when his qualities had been tested, he would never have been the candidate of the republican party. Like Seward, his principles would have rendered him obnoxious to the public, and could not have been elected. His only safety is in obscurity.

HOW THE PRINCE OF WALES TRAVELS.—Some people, when they go from one place to another, calculate upon their "luck" in putting them through, others travel on their "muscle," others on their "beauty," others on their "talents," (very few in number,) others on their "impudence," and others on "dead head" tickets; but with Lord Bessborough it can be emphatically said that he travels on his money. From Cincinnati to Pittsburg he paid the "modest sum" of two thousand dollars for a special train; but while he pays in accordance with royalty, he expects to receive immunities not granted to ordinary men. The train which bears His Highness has the entire right of the road. An engine specially detailed precedes to keep the track clear and look out for any imperfections in the road that would jeopardize the safety of the train containing the Prince and royal retinue.

The agent of the Prince, who is a cousin to him on Albert's side, arranges all his traveling matters, and simulates in the bargain with railroad companies, that on no consideration shall any person be allowed on board the train except those necessary to manage it; and these are prohibited from entering the royal car, but ride by themselves in a forward car.

It has been said of the home of the scolding wife, that "It's a bad house where the hen crows louder than the cock."

Why are pen-makers the most dishonest persons in the world? Because they make people steel pens, and they say they do write.

I remember Rogers saying: "Those who go to Heaven will be very much surprised at the people they find there, and very much surprised at those they do not find there."

The proprietor of a bone-mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground, will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

How to describe a circle—Wait till your wife has put on her crinoline.

Obsequious. To leave your umbrella in a

Great Men who rose from the Ranks.

From the barber shop rose Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning jenny, and the founder of the cotton manufacture of Great Britain; Lord Tenterden, one of the most distinguished of English lord Chief justices; and Turner, the very greatest among landscape painters. No one known to a certainty what Shakespeare was; but it is unquestionable that he sprang from a very humble rank. The common class of day laborers have given us Brindley, the engineer, Cook, the navigator; and Burns, the poet. Masons and Bricklayers can boast of Ben Johnson, who worked at the building of Lincoln's Inn, with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket; Edwards and Telford, the engineers; Hugh Miller, the geologist; and Allan Cunningham, the writer and sculptor; whilst among distinguished carpenters, we find the names of Inigo Jones, the architect; Harrison, the chronometer maker; John Hunter, the physiologist; Romney and Opie, painters; Professor Lee, the orientalist; and John Gibson, the sculptor. From the weaver class have sprung Simpson, the mathematician; Bacon, the sculptor, the two miners, Adam Walker, John Foster; Wilson, the ornithologist; Dr. Livingstone, the missionary traveler; and Tannahill, the poet. Shoemakers have given us Sturgeon, the electrician; Samuel Drew, essayist; Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly Review; Bloomfield, poet; and William Cary, the missionary; whilst Morrison, another laborious missionary, was a maker of shoe lasts. Within the last year, a profound naturalist has been discovered in the person of a shoemaker, at Banff, named Thomas Edwards, who, while maintaining himself by his trade, has devoted his leisure to the study of natural science in all its branches, his researches in connection with the smaller crustacea having been rewarded by the discovery of a new species, to which the name of Pranzia Edwardsii has been given by naturalists.

Nor have the tailors been altogether undistinguished—Jackson, the painter, having worked at the trade until he reached manhood. But what is more remarkable, one of the gallantest of British seamen, Admiral Hobson, who broke the boom at Vigo in 1702, originally belonged to this calling. He was working as a tailor's apprentice near Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight, when the news flew through the village that a squadron of men-of-war were sailing off the island. He sprang from the shopboard, and ran down with his comrades to the beach to gaze upon the glorious sight. The tailorboy was suddenly inflamed with the ambition to be a sailor, and springing into a boat, he rowed off to the squadron, gained the admiral's ship, and was accepted as a volunteer. Years after, he returned to his native village, full of honors, and dined off bacon and eggs in the cottage where he had worked as a tailor's apprentice. Cardinal Wolsey, DeFoe, Akenside, and Kirke White, were the sons of butchers; Bunyan was a tinker, and Joseph Lancaster a basket maker. Among the great names identified with the invention of the steam engine are those of Newcomen, Watt, and Stevenson; the first blacksmith, the second a maker of mathematical instruments, and the third an engine fireman. Dr. Hutton, the geologist, and Berwick, the father of wood engraving, were coal miners; Dodsley was footman, and Holcroft a groom. Buffin, the navigator, was a common seaman, and Sir Cloudesly Shovel a cabin boy. Herschel played the oboe in a military band. Chantrey was a journeyman printer, and Sir Thomas Lawrence the son of a tavern-keeper.

Michael Faraday, the son of a poor blacksmith, was in early life apprenticed to a bookbinder, and worked at the trade until he reached his twenty-second year; he now occupies the very first rank as a philosopher, excelling even his master, Sir Humphrey Davy, in the art of lucidly expounding the most difficult and obtuse points in natural science. Not long ago Sir Roderick Murchison discovered, at Thurso, in the far north of Scotland, a profound geologist, in the person of a baker there, named Robert Dick. When Sir Roderick called upon him at the bake house, in which he baked and earned his bread, Dick delineated to him, by means of flour upon a board, the geographical features and geological phenomena of his native county, pointing out the imperfections in the existing maps, which he had ascertained by traveling over the country in his leisure hours. On further inquiry, Sir Roderick ascertained that the humble individual before him was not only a capital baker and geologist, but a first rate botanist. "I found," said the director general of the Geographical Society, "in my great humiliation, that this baker knew infinitely more of botanical science, aye, ten times more, than I did; and that there were only some twenty or thirty specimens of flowers which he had not collected. Some he had obtained as presents, some he had purchased; but the greater portion had been accumulated by his industry, in his native county of Caithness, and the specimens were all arranged in the most beautiful order, with their scientific names affixed."—Self Help, by Samuel Smiles.

A gentleman met a half-witted lad in the road, and placing in one of his hands a sixpence and a penny, asked him which of the two he would choose. The lad replied that he would choose the sixpence.